Volume LXX CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1912 Number 2

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

BY THE RIVER

A straight sunshaft struck downward
  Dapples the river's dun,
The lilies sleep in the shadow,
  The iris wakes in the sun.

The slumbrous hush of the noontide,
  Naught living or dead hath stirred;
The listening trees bend downward,
  But the river says never a word.

And the troubles of life and its problems
  Seem to float with the current away,
As heart and brain are rested
  With the peace of the summer day.

—*Bessie Craigmyle.*

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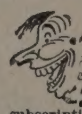

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1912. NUMBER 2.

Twit-twit-twitter, all the merry morning through—
Twit-twit-twitter, from the twisted apple tree—
Little nest among the blossoms, little eggs of speckled blue,
Little mate, brown-breasted, brooding o'er them, one and two, and three.

Twit-twit-twitter—just a little singing bird,
Just a handful of brown feathers,
That had chirped through winter weathers,
And a little heart that beat beneath the downy throat it stirred.

Chip-chip-chirrup, where the garden beds are green—
Just a minute's crash and terror—just the firing of a gun.
She may wail and she may weary, little mate, the boughs between,
For flight of his to flash across the blossom and the sun.

Chip-chip-chirrup—just a blood-bedrabbled breast—
Just a tuft of down and feather,
Clinging piteously together,
And a small brown thing that nevermore will sing beside a nest.

—*May Probyn.*

Is the "Interpreter" justified in the September number of the *American* magazine, when he says that in the Baltimore and Chicago conventions: "The speakers who had voices good enough to be heard had nothing to say, and the speakers who had anything to say worth listening to had no voices to say it." To this rule he seems to find but one exception, and that was Mr. Bryan, whom he calls "the most formidable figure in either convention."

Let not the rush and confusion of magazine literature crowd out of notice Helen Nicolay's characteristic anecdotes of Lincoln, gleaned from the unpublished notes of her father, who was Lincoln's private secretary and one of his great biographers. Everything pertaining to Lincoln is valuable; the revelation of the stalwart Lincoln is timely. He who would not turn aside, the man who defied office seekers, the man who said, "I shall go to Washington, if at all, as an unpledged man."

Chicago, Minneapolis and other cities have had their Vice Commissions, but it remains for Pittsburg to change the point of emphasis while pursuing the same quest. They have appointed a "Morals Commission." The *Survey* for August 24th states the difference between these two commissions as follows: "The Vice Commission aims to arouse public opinion, to bring the average 'good citizen' face to face with facts customarily dodged. The new Pittsburg organization is to shun publicity, work quietly and will probably make its reports to city officials confidentially." We will await with keen interest for further report of the work of the Pittsburg Commission. Why should there not be a "Morals Commission" in every town?

The article in the July *Geographic Magazine* concerning the fight against forest fires, written by the Chief of the United States Forest Service, appeals to the martial spirit and points to certain disciplinary activities for our standing army, much more effective, sensible and economic, than the raiding of cornfields and the devastation of hog pastures, now being carried on extensively under the direction of the War Department. The same magazine has informing articles on the banana and the little known parts of Panama. Indeed everything in this magazine is always informing and oftentimes inspiring. This is a magazine that should lie around in homes wherever children are growing.

There is something frantic in the way the *Churchman* of New York pleads for more chaplains for the army and navy. The *Literary Digest* heads an editorial on the subject: "More Spiritual Leaders for our Enlisted Men." Neither seems to take account of the fundamental contradiction involved. "Spiritual leadership" for an army and navy in times of peace is paradoxical. Even during the great ethical struggle of the Civil War, few men in uniform could interpret and still less exemplify the Gospel of Peace, and in brass buttons and epaulettes inculcate and deliver the message of the meek and lowly Nazarene. The truth of it is, the "spiritual leadership" plead for will dissolve the army and leave the "devil-ships" of war to rust for want of attendance.

There is more than one Tower Hill in the world. A friend of the pacific retreat on the Wisconsin river sends a clipping which tells of 100,000 labor strikers in London kneeling on that Tower Hill and upon the call of one of their leaders praying that "Lord Devonport be struck dead." We are glad that there are no indications that their prayers were answered. Let us hope that the strikers themselves did not take the prayer very seriously. They would have been both scared and disappointed if the militant prayer had been answered, for they would not have known whose turn it might be next. It is a comforting faith that rests in the thought that the ways of the Infinite are not ours, and that the Eternal is in better business than

in listening to the foolish petitions of passionate and impassioned men.

Let us keep it before the people; the cost of building and maintaining such a battleship as the *North Dakota* for twenty years, equals $28,000,000. With this money it has been estimated that fourteen thousand churches at $20,000 each might be built, seven thousand farms at $4,000 each might be purchased and equipped, a college education for fourteen thousand men and women at $500 for four years might be secured. These figures are not fanciful. Dollars invested in rusting iron cannot be used for other purposes, and still this pressing problem, this scandel of the Twentieth Century has reecived but hypocritical recognition in any of the leading platforms of the political parties. They have said "peace" and have voted battleships, talked of "brotherhood" and at the same breath supported war measures and the militant spirit. The Peace Movement has argued against armament in unanswerable terms, now it must turn its guns on hypocrisy, demand that the advocates of peace must vote right or shut up.

The return home of the venerable ex-president of Harvard College after a circumnavigation of the globe under peculiarly favorable circumstances, is an event of national significance. UNITY welcomes back the man who carried with him the wealth of the Indies in order that he might better explore that wealth. We trust that to him will be given the strength and leisure that will enable him to give to the world the result of his observation. Dr. Eliot was well qualified to study the political and economic phases of that portion of the world's life which he has visited, and the world may well take note of his comments in these directions, but Dr. Eliot was also prepared to take notice of the religious life of the world. Such glimpses as he was able to receive of the non-Christian religions in action, he was prepared to study intelligently and sympathetically, and it is altogether probable that his highest contribution to contemporary thought and life will be his comments in this direction. Will the good doctor please tell us the present outlook of religion in the world as seen from the standpoint of an observing and intelligent traveler?

Dr. Charles Eliot, just returned from his journey round the world, is afraid of the immigration into the United States of vast numbers of men with few or no women to accompany them. The *Congregationalist,* commenting upon the same, sees danger in the large aggregations of foreigners settling down in our midst as isolated colonies with separate languages, customs, etc. It seems to us that neither President Eliot, or our contemporary, the *Congregationalist,* takes adequate account of the assimilative, distributing and universalizing power of the United States. The unmarried foreigner of the most foreign type soon loses his "foreign" qualities in the moving stream of American life, and the best guarded "foreign" community is Americanized in a generation or two. The children of the most isolated and insular immigrants are soon touched by the public schools and are captured by the English language. The moment English becomes the easiest, if not the favorite, tongue, that moment so much of the "foreigner" that is dangerous is denatured. He is good stuff out of which to make voters and a little later on, leaders of thought, captains of industry, governmental officials, senators, cabinet officers and presidents. The name, if not the speech, of one prominent candidate for the presidency now, betrays his foreign origin.

It is interesting to watch in the current press the escape of politics from the realm of the politician and the monopoly of partisan papers. The popular monthlies and the current religious weeklies are discussing the situation with an amount of open frankness and plain speech unparalleled we think in any past campaign. The *Congregationalist* has planned "An elaborate presentation of the claims of each of the leading candidates from the point of view of particular supporters." The first number is by Dr. William J. Tucker, who tells, "What a vote for Taft means." Mr. Tucker distinguishes between Roosevelt and Rooseveltism. The former at his best is regarded as "One of our most valuable national assets," but of Rooseveltism which he says is "a compound of personal egoism, political management, popular idolatry, semi-religious enthusiasm, he has more distrust than respect. The ex-president of Dartmouth College justifies his intention to vote for Mr. Taft "for the sake of maintaining the independency of the presidential office," "in the interest of political veracity," "to protect the right of the people as against the surrender of these right to paternalism." These reasons are urged with a calmness, keenness and frankness that will command respect however leaders may dissent from his premises or his conclusions. It is a hopeful sign to have politics taken up by such men and handled on such high grounds.

It is not the delusion of remoteness but the reality that is revealed in the true perspective that, sometimes at least, justifies the saying "that distance lends enchantment." No man, body of men, movements, or measures, can be adequately estimated at too short a range. The congress just adjourned is no exception to the rule. We are too near to it yet to justly estimate either its strength or weakness. When from the proper distance the historian is able to make his just

estimate we suspect that it will receive more and not less credit than is now accorded to it. It will appear in that final estimate, will it not, that this Congress consciously or unconsciously, did much towards disintegrating the old rock ribbed partisan prejudices that tryanized over otherwise wise and good men. This Congress was in session while the old Democratic and Republican machines were falling to pieces, and the demolition was hastened by much that was said and done on the floors of the United States Senate and the House of Representatives. While the best part of the record will probably be the list of things that the Congress did not do—some of them intelligently refused to do, it is not without its constructive triumphs. A postoffice bill was almost passed, and was, to quote the words of one of the law makers, "At least a start for an adequate parcels post." A "Nursery Quarantine" bill passed, which those who know estimated of great importance and absolutely necessary. Other significant provisions were made for the higher conservations looking towards the protection of women and children, and that was no mean senatorial triumph that succeeded in ultimately purging itself of the Lorimer scandal. Surely the congressional waters were troubled profoundly during this session, but if we mistake not, it was the troubling of the Bethesda pool that gave to it the power of healing.

Not the Rights of a Negro, But the Rights of a Man

A friend, for whose opinion we have great respect and in the integrity of whose opinion we have unfailing faith, writes:

"It would be dear to my heart to believe that the negro is a black white man and could bear an equal share of responsibility in governmental matters, but I cannot believe it. The whole question is too involved for me and I believe for anyone else. The present suppression of negro voters of the South is to my mind necessary, and for the good of the negro as well as the white man. Negro suffrage may be worked out in some of the border states but of this I am not sure. If you will analyze the quality of the negro vote in Madden's District (Chicago) I thing you will be forced to the conclusion that it is pretty nearly hopeless."

The fallacy which lies at the bottom of this estimate as it seems to us is the assumption that the negro is a fixed quantity, having definite characteristics and practical boundaries. But what if there was found but one black white man, acknowledged such by common consent, Booker T. Washington, for instance, and there be found a hundred white black men, in the reproachful sense, should not the one black white man be enfranchised and the hundred white black men disenfranchised? We are well acquainted with the gruesome facts concerning the negro vote in the "Madden District," but the saddest fact in the political story of that district is the "Madden" of it, and he is a white man an "M. C." Negro votes were purchased doubtless, and we join with our friend in condemning the same, but what of the white men who bought the votes and where have they gone to? The same relentless analyzing of the vote of the "Hinky Dink" and "Bathhouse John" districts in Chicago would condemn the horde of white voters or non-voters that debauch the poles and break down our faith in Democracy here. We complain not and we do not understand that the most ardent champions of negro suffrage in the South complain of any honest attempt to purge the voting lists of venial, ignorant or corruptible voters. We only ask that these laws be impartially enforced and that the intelligence, property, or other tests, be applied impartially, and that is not an impossible or even improbable achievement in the South. Speaking from rather an extended and long continued opportunity of studying the problem on the ground, we believe that the number of "good negroes" who are exercising with increasing freedom the right of suffrage in the South, is steadily increasing. We believe also that an increasing number of intelligent and patriotic white citizens are becoming more and more ashamed of the absurd, hypocritical and insincere "Grand-father clauses," and that gradually these miserable makeshifts will be either removed or ignored. Indeed the number of those who can boast of a grandfather who bore arms either for or against the Union have probably reached their maximum and they will soon be on the decline. We cannot believe that the growing intelligent white people of the "South" in question will accept as just the implications of Roosevelt in his editorial in the *Outlook*, entitled "The Progressives and the Colored Man," that there are no progressive elements in the South, or no colored people sufficiently honorable to represent the same. With his usual love of epigram, he denounces the Democratic treatment of the colored man as "brutal" and that of the Republican party as "hypocritical," and disposes of the colored men in those states who have aspirations, as being "unfit," and at the same time finds to the North, "Negroes who possess the intelligence, integrity and self-respect which justify such rights of political expression in his white neighbor." We believe that this attempt to revive a sectional line either for or against the colored man is as unjustified by sociology as by ethics and good statesmanship. We prefer rather to accept the higher notes in the editorial of this militant colonel as being better politics, higher statesmanship and more worthy the man who wrote them:

"We feel with all our hearts that in a democracy like ours, and, above all, in such a genuinely democratic movement as ours, we cannot permanently succeed except on the basis of treating each man on his worth as a man. The humblest among us, no matter what his creed, his birthplace, or the color of his skin, so long as he behaves in straight and decent fashion, must have guaranteed to him under the law his right to life and liberty."

When Doctors Disagree

The growing complexity of ethics, the almost inevitable conflict of duties, the confusion of politics, even to honest minded and clear thinkers, are graphically, not to say painfully, illustrated, when two such high minds directing sensitive consciences, as Miss Jane Addams and the Baroness von Suttner, come to conclusions directly antagonistic concerning the pressing issues and immediate duties in the presidential campaign now on.

Miss Addams has the open road to a public hearing on any and every question upon which she cares to declare herself. There is no man or woman in public life in the United States whose words are sought with greater avidity by publishers, or perused more promptly by readers, than Jane Addams.

To her was given the exceptional honor for a woman to second the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt as presidential candidate of the Progressive party, and she did it in a speech that was a masterpiece of clear statement and good English.

How Miss Addams could forget the ambiguous sidestepping concerning the rights of the colored man in the South to suffrage and to representation, and how she could forget apparently for the time being, the military spirit with which Theodore Roosevelt unconsciously clothes himself has been a surprise to many others besides the Baroness. Roosevelt's earliest aphorism and symbol was that concerning the "big stick." In his "Confession of Faith" he avowed his interest in increased armament, more battleships, and the fortification of the Panama Canal, and this is but consistent with his aggressive attitude in these directions while president. It was he who instituted and successfully directed the Naval Parade around the world with its fell influences. He surrounded his inauguration as president with military trappings and parades, probably unparalleled in the history of the nation. All these are offensive to the pacifists, among which Miss Addams is deservedy conspicuous, and still, because the platform championed woman's suffrage and gathered up many other secondary considerations dear to the socinal worker, Theodore Roosevelt's cause is espoused by Miss Addams and many other women, presumably on the theory that given Woman Suffrage all these other things will be added thereto.

Whether it be a case of choice of evils, or of seeking one good thing at a time, or, of the sacrifice of the ideal to the practical, or, doing a little evil that much good may come of it, Miss Addams and her friends will have abundant opportunity to explain and to justify. But because, strange as it may seem, the Baroness does not seem to have the newspaper publicity that her position and her message deserves, we are glad to make room in UNITY for the full text of the open letter from the Baroness to Miss Addams, which nrst appeared in the *Chicago Daily Journal* for August 13th. Surely the public has much to gain and nothing to lose from knowing as fully as possible the workings of the minds and consciences of two such conspicuous and commendable leaders as Jane Addams and the Baroness von Suttner—high representatives of the highest things in the life of the two great continents, Europe and America.

Here is the open letter:

My dear Miss Addams: After a few days of hesitation—asking myself whether it would not seem preposterous in me to appear to meddle in the public affairs of the States, I finally take courage to openly direct these lines, feeling that I do not overstep the bounds of my privilege in treating with a question which is not merely an international one, but which concerns an international issue, and an issue that I have most at heart. I mean the universal peace movement.

I know, my dear Miss Addams, that among your other great achievements you have won a prominent place in the peace program, and upon its platforms, therefore, I have been puzzled by the support that you have recently given to a platform that stands for the fortifying of the Panama canal, for the building of battleships as the best means of securing peace, and whose leader protests against the reinstatement of the arbitration treaties between this country and England and France, a treaty that had already been signed by the representatives of the three governments, which had brought the world within a hair's breadth of an official "league of peace."

I wish you would kindly give me an explanation of what seems to me a distressing contradiction, and perhaps you will dispel the grief and apprehension it gives me to see the woman's suffrage movement (in which all my sympathy and best hopes are centered) pledge itself to the old policy or armament, of distrust and menace, which has hitherto proved itself so baneful to the intercourse of the nations.

Part of my mission in coming to America—you have heard me say so when you graciously entertained me at Hull house—was to put before the American women and men the ardent request of the European pacificists that those treaty negotiations be renewed which in our estimation would forward the organization of the world in a most decisive manner. (This is not merely the opinion of the peace workers and idealists.) Listen to the most prominent statesman speak. You remember last year's historical meeting at the Guild hall in London, when the officials of the government, the leaders of the conservatives, liberals and laborites commented on the American proposals.

Mr. Asquith said: "Arbitration is, of course, already a familiar expedient of diplomacy for settling or averting disputes. But hitherto great countries have been accustomed to reserve from the scope of their engagement matters of vital interest and national honor. What is now proposed—and that was the profound significance of this new departure—is that between the United States and the United Kingdom, no matter what may be the gravity of the issue, whatever may be the magnitude of the interests involved, whatever the poignancy of the feelings which are aroused, that there is for the future a definite abandonment of war as a possible solution, the substitution of argument for force, and

the supersession by judicial methods of the old ordeal of battle."

Listen to Sir Edward Gray of the foreign office: "If an arbitration treaty is made between two countries, as has been sketched out as possible by President Taft, let it be done by the powers concerned without afterthought. But do not let them put narrow bounds to their hopes of the beneficent results which I think must extend far beyond the two countries originally concerned. The effect on the world at large of the example would be bound to have beneficent consequences. To set a good example is to hope that others will follow and if others of the great powers did follow there would eventually be something like a league of peace."

Yes, the examples have the mose decisive influence on the development of events; they are sure to be followed for good or for evil. The present race for armaments is a chain of given examples, and its arrest can only be accomplished married in St. Paul twelve years ago. He often says that his through action in the opposite direction. It behooves America to give the world an example of a higher policy—as Asquith has expressed it—a new departure.

President Taft, in one of the numerous speeches that he made in favor of the treaties, speaks thus:

"If the United States has a mission besides developing the principles of the brotherhood of man, it seems to me it is to blaze the way to universal arbitration."

These proposed treaties had aroused a great enthusiasm among the progressivists all over the world. Japan was quite ready to join. The reactionary parties were opposed everywhere and when the treaties were defeated by the American senate the European champions of war and the craze for armaments took on a new impetus, and at the present the inflation has reached the limit of public endurance.

But they will inflate still more—when the Panama is armed —the Panama which ought to have been a symbol of the brotherhood of the nations—a harbor of comity, adorned with palms and roses and with emblems of peace—will be loaded with the murderous instruments of distrust and defiance? Was not, my dear Miss Addams, the undefended border line of Canada, with its great lakes unmanned with dreadnaughts, a better means of securing a hundred years of peace?

I certainly do not believe that Theodore Roosevelt, whose powerful personality and high qualities I sincerely admire, has warlike intentions or does not appreciate the peace ideal. I am ever ready to testify to what he has said and done in favor of that ideal. Only it seems, alas, that he has, like Goethe's Faust, "two souls in his breast," one belonging to the daring rough rider, and the other to the enlightened lover of humanity.

Let us record that he put an end to the Russo-Japanese war; that he took the initiative for the calling of the second Hague conference; that he brought the Hague tribunal into living action by giving it the first international question for arbitration; it was he who, in the address before the Nobel committee in Norway, outlined a magnificent plan for instituting on a solid basis the peace of the world; it was he who said "I consider it my duty to hasten, by every possible means, the time when the sword will no more be the arbitrator between the nations." These were the achievements and utterances of the ex-president's pacific soul in 1906; while in the address to the convention in Chicago, August, 1912, the belligerent soul is outlining a plan and program of persistent armament and opposition to binding arbitration treaties.

Is it to this program, my dear Miss Addams, that the asset of woman's influence and votes should be given? And should this influence be headed by you, a peace advocate? Do you not imagine that among the women of America many thousands will protest against being enrolled in a campaign favoring the ancient barbaric system of justice called war?

I had the honor on the Fourth of July last, to hoist the peace banner over the delegates of the 800,000 federated American women, and they unanimously indorsed the principles of the universal peace movement as presented by me in all their radicalism.

Will the women of this large army now be willing to stand for this opposite policy?

I hope, my dear Miss Addams, that you will pardon my apparent boldness, and understand that my words are only dictated by a sense of my duty toward the cause I love and work to defend, and by the sincere respect and confidence that I feel toward you. BERTHA VON SUTTNER.

A CHILD'S FOOTPRINTS ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

What little feet they were,
  How poorly shod,
That lately passed by this rough way
  Toward the house of God!

Such little feet! and yet
  The shoes so worn,
The nails uneven, blunt or lost,
  The leather clouted, torn.

And here the child ran off;
  What caught his eye?
Some gift of God, a daisy bud
  Or dappled butterfly.

But see, he turned again
  And ran apace—
O lovely feet in evil shoes!
To God's receiving place.

Ah little one! tho bare
  Of earth's increase
Upon such ways ye shall not lack
  The sandals of God's peace.

Here is a parable
  I would not lose:
God made the feet, the living faith—
  Man made the creed, the shoes.

And prophets who would help
  Poor souls to Heaven
Must use, to make and mend their creeds,
  The best that can be given.

O tender feet of faith,
  Too oft ill shod!
O wounded feet, turn not aside,
  Press on to Home and God.

And, child, no need to knock;
  The door stands wide.
Pass in with glory on your head
  And leave the shoes outside.

—*Anna Bunston de Bary.*

THE PULPIT

A Journey From Orthodoxia

III. The Dangers After the Dawn

The journey which began during the twilight of Orthodoxy's long day, which has passed through the darkness of doubt and the night of pain at length comes to the dawn,

> "And with the morn those angel faces smile,
> Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

To enjoy this kind of experience at the dawn is not as is sometimes charged to become reactionary. There are many new angels that greet us at the dawn, but it is the light on the faces of the old ones that we notice first. A man may come to many new homes on his journey, but in each will be the old home joys. Newman's dawn may have been a different one to the morning that we have in mind, but fearful and battle-scarred as we may come out of the night, the joy of those early morning hours can only be compared to the very richest religious experiences. I think that it was the evangelist, Dwight Moody, who, in describing his experiences after "conversion" said that the very bird had a new song prepared to sing that morning on his account and the whole world had taken on new harmonies. Some of the ultra-orthodox may doubt it, but sometimes the dawn that comes after the hours of Orthodoxy are past, is as full and fuller of real religious joy than was experienced at conversion. It is the joy of the man whose peace it is to know for the first time that an honest error of thought will not condemn him, that all that God requires to receive him to mercy and love is mental honesty and heart purity. It is the gladness of the man who sees the old barriers break down between the divine and the human and all the world of life become divine. It is the gladness of the man who begins to know what it is to have a God who really is a Father, a Father with no reservation to make place for his vindictiveness. Like a man out of prison he walks out into a larger, better and sweeter world. Before it was a condemned world and many beautiful human and earthly joys were called "worldly;" now it is a Father's world and everything within it from the smallest unbaptized child to the worst hardened criminal, from the song on the branches to the silence of the mountain crests, is full of the spirit of God. This is God's home. This is where he dwells and all things have the home look; sin cannot even hide the fullness of God there is in the poorest life.

> "If thy casual comings, Lord,
> To hearts of old were dear,
> What joy shall dwell within the faith,
> That holds Thee ever near!"

But we can afford on this occasion to postpone our description of the day of real religion and confine ourselves more to the warnings that are needful against the dangers of that dawn. It is very easy to make mistakes before the sun is fully risen. Unless we are very watchful a blunder of this hour of our religious evolution may postpone for many years the coming of the real day.

We call attention to the first danger under the head of intellectualism. It is this danger which gives so often to the outsider the impression that a liberal religion is usually heartless and without the true emotions of religious life. The battle for Light leaves its mark so strongly on the personality, that though the light is beginning to come with its life-bestowing powers, yet we hesitate to respond to it as we should. We are often slow in calling it light, for the journey during the darkness has made us unreasonably wary. The result of this is that many men come out of the darkness but never get beyond the mists of those early morning hours. It is doubtless this kind of folk that G. K. Chesterton describes in his recent book on "Orthodoxy," where he speaks of what he calls the "suicide of thought." "Every day one comes across someone," he writes, "who says that "Of course his view may not be the right one!' Of course his view must be the right one, or it is not his. We are on the road to producing a race of men too mentally modest to believe in the multiplication table....Scoffers of old times were too proud to be convinced, but these are too humble to be convinced. The meek do inherit the earth, but these are too meek to claim their inheritance." Putting aside the more or less flippant spirit of the writer, we can all see that this modest agnosticism is a very common danger to the man or woman arriving at the truth. If the new spirit in their religion lacks the healthy energy of positive statement, or in other words, lacks the faith to test in actual experience the hours of the new day we can expect very little religious earnestness. I suppose that one of the best ways to get around the modesty of this, is to take the good things of the new religion and test them out and see what difference it will make to the life. James would have said, "If you have not a virtue, assume one." If we have nothing better, and it might be hard to find a better, let us go to life and assume that this is God's world and then live all our days in the light of that assumption and see if it will not make some things different and better and happier for us.

Yet another danger from intellectualism must be understood. By forgetfulness of the right spiritual attitude toward the light we may lose a great deal of life that the light is planning to give to us. It was said by James Freeman Clarke that progress requires that we should look backward as well as forward. "For what so frequently checks progress, causes its advocates to falter, and produces what we call a reaction toward the old doctrines as something shallow in the reform itself....Christians have relapsed into Judaism, Protestants into Romanism, Unitarians into Orthodoxy—because something true and good in the old system had dropped out of the new and attracted the converts back to their old homes." The faith that we surrender must not be abolished to give place to the new, it must find its fulfillment in the new. So Jesus, we are told, came to fulfill the law and the prophets, so Unitarians and others of the Liberal faiths must fulfill Orthodoxy. There is a lot in Orthodoxy that ought never to be surrendered. The very soul of religion may be there for us and it is because it is there for so many that so much pain and trouble comes when the transition has to be made. Friends do not understand why we wish to give up something so spiritually precious. After seeking all night for the light it is very easy to think that light is all that we have to seek. But the mere acquisition

of new facts and information has a limit and even in the day of real religion a point is soon reached where faith and trust have to play a large part. Light is not an end in itself, but a means to more life and fuller. The only virtue in leaving Orthodoxy is that it is the beginning of a search for a freer, happier and nobler life. If at the dawn we are more concerned with the new doctrine than with the new life, we shall not attract very many after us or find much satisfaction in it ourselves. Not change of opinion, but change of character is what is most important, all along the journey from Orthodoxia. That they do the Will shall know best about the doctrine. On the side of quantity of information our new doctrine may be very much smaller than that we had previously held, but if this small creed is born within our own souls, it will be infinitely more helpful than the longer creed received from tradition. But while the creed may be smaller, the faith and vision should be larger, acquiring the new while at the same time fulfilling the old.

It is something akin to this last danger mentioned that often a smaller vision comes with the smaller creed. For example, in losing the old idea of prayer as petition, we often surrender the everlasting idea of prayer as communion. In giving up the idea of a miraculously inspired Bible, we sacrifice the great inspirational power of its great religious passages. In denying the old notions regarding the so-called scheme of salvation, we are apt to lose our earnestness for that full and perfect salvation for man which should be the object of all our reform and culture. And many a church member is coming with the new vision to see that all life is religious, grows careless over the particular religious work which was the old task in the old church. Some who begin to fight the church, it has been said, in the interest of freedom and humanity, end up by flinging away freedom and humanity in order order that they may fight the church.

The symbols of night and day cannot be strictly adhered to all the time to keep the lessons of this journey before us, for in pointing out the next danger, we must radically depart from them. It is one of the peculiar characteristics of religion that it is forever precluded from arriving at its dawn. For it is only the "wages on going on." In such mystery does the soul abide that not even a change in ideas can fundamentally change the deepest in our religion. There is a "Light that lighteth every man coming into the world," and many a man and woman at this period when the right opinion seems so important, sacrifices the faith in that mystery. In the old and the new there is that which reaches out into the dark in hopeful anticipation of what may there be found, which presses trustfully in the direction of whither its hopes point. If we refuse as evidence for the life to be lived, the behests of the soul, we shall be in danger of spoling our lives and making our entire change of opinion barely worth the doing.

It has been said that the ordinary man has always been sane because he has always been a mystic, he has always had one foot upon the earth and the other in fairyland. He has always felt himself free to doubt his gods and free to believe in them. We may abuse this attitude of soul by calling it to the defense of Orthodoxy as Chesterton does, but we shall certainly possess a cold, uninteresting religion at the dawn if this does not come and fill out and make beautiful the simpler and clearer truths which at this time we have made our own. We may therefore say that the whole warning in regard to intellectualism is that we shall count the new purpose, the deeper and purer emotion and the loftier and larger ideal as of greater importance than the discovery of new facts and religious information. To urge us into nobler life is the purpose of all dawn of truth. And by nobler life we mean not only the new emphasis which will not come to ethics as the result of the downfall of Orthodoxy, but the enthronement of the ethical life with its rightful halo from the mystic presence of life's deepest undoubtable facts; we mean a nobility of human nature that

> "High above the limits of our seeing,
> And folded far within the inmost heart,
> And deep below the deeps of conscious being."

finds its source in that Eternal Personal Urge which we call our Father.

The other form of danger which we wish to call attention at this time is wholly different from that which we have been considering. Coldness and hesitancy are not its characteristics, but warmth and even dogmatism. It is the spirit which after leaving Orthodoxy exclaims, "Can any good thing come out of Orthodoxy?" The only thing that seems to be able to stir the enthusiasm of such men is a good argument. The things on which men differ become their inspiration. They have been fighting all night to reach the dawn and now they cannot let the sword alone. Nothing pleases them better than to hear a lecturer abuse the system which they have discredited.

This spirit may arise from an almost ineradicable dogmatic temperament, or it may only be the enthusiasm of the new convert. There is no mental modesty here about belief in the multiplication table, they are so sure of the sun in their dawn that it is easy to suppose that they have made themselves believe, like Chanticleer, that they made it rise. Like others at the dawn, they usually find themselves with a small creed, sometimes it only has one article, but they make more noise about that one article than all the others about their many. A man has been known to spend his life attacking Christianity and every other belief that he could reach with his mad conviction that charity was the whole of religion. Another will save just the Sermon on the Mount from the battles of the night and straightway attacks everyone who has saved a little more. We do not need to study many journeys from Orthodoxia before discovering that salvage is a very important item. Many a man is able to fight his doubts and gather strength for the new life and honestly find that the best of the old can be retained to express the new spirit.

Most important of all this new danger of enthusiasm for the new freedom may act as a distinct hindrance to those who do not follow us. Paul had the true spirit when he urged that while he had the freedom to do many things, he had not the freedom to make his brother to stumble. This new convert had learned that it did not make any difference to eat meat that had been offered to idols because idols were "nothing." But some thought that idols were something and it was a spiritual shock and hurt to see such a fine man as Paul doing things that only the heathen did. Because they did not understand the spirit of the new life Paul asked that men restrict their freedom

until the less instructed ones understood the spirit of that freedom. Thus it comes to pass: That to do the old thing in a spirit of love and patience is better than to do the new thing in the spirit of contention. Many of us when we changed from the old to the new needlessly hurt the feelings of those who did not change with us. We spoke last week of the unkindness of those who do not understand the spiritual nature of the journey which we had undertaken, but we were also unkind in not understanding the spiritual background of their decision not to change. We were generously forgiven our ten thousand talents but we went out to demand the hundred pence owing us.

All of this emphasizes the main point of all said on this occasion: It is not enough to have reached the dawn and found the light, the spirit of real religion may yet need to come.

"At first I prayed for light:
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting Day.

And next I prayed for Strength:
That I might tread the road
With firm unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now, I pray for Love,
Deep love for God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan.

And Light and Strength and Faith,
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer."

Correspondence

The address of the editor of this paper anent the Catholic Church, delivered at the Free Religious Association meeting in Boston last May, and reprinted from their proceedings in our issue of August 1st, has elicited appreciation from a wide range of readers. The honorable and venerable W. D. Hoard, who was Governor of Wisconsin, and who has had occasion to try out the political power of clericalism, both Portestant and Catholic, writes:

"I have just finished reading your 'Roman Catholic Church in the United States.' It is worthy of you as well as the Catholic Church. I have never seen a Catholic yet who could resist the spirit of neighborship, but I have seen a great many Protestants in whom that spirit was most seriously wanting. Why cannot men see that the cardinal principles of real goodness in human nature are still the moving forces of the world?"

A prominent Congregational pastor from the Pacific slope writes:

"That was a splendid word you spoke about the Catholics in Boston. Bravo! I think I have been on the free list of UNITY about long enough, so here comes a check for two years subscription."

A lady from South Dakota writes:

"I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your article on the Roman Catholic Church in August 1st issue of UNITY. I read it several times, the first time with the tears streaming down my face. I was born and brought up in Buffalo, N. Y., and we attended St. Joseph's Cathedral, where Bishop Quigley of Chicago was then rector and he preached the funeral sermon of both my parents. My husband is a Unitarian, although brought up in the Congregational faith. He has lived out here on this farm for twenty-eight years. We were married in St. Paul twelve years ago. He often says that his is a religion of all thought and mine of no thought. But we get along finely together as he has liberalized me to a great extent. I would like very much to have two more copies of August 1 issue with your address in, as I want to send one copy to a Congregational minister who is so unduly prejudiced against the whole Catholic Church that he would barely acknowledge an introduction to a priest when they accidentally met in a parlor at a home. Not because the priest had ever done anything wrong, for he was a Godly man; but he didn't belong to that particular aristocratic set the minister did,—and a priest.

"I attended a W. C. T. U. Convention about a month ago and our President called on a Methodist minister in the audience to say a few words to the ladies. In his remarks he incidentally spoke about "the Catholic Church with all its meanness." I didn't care so much for myself, for I have heard it from ministers in the pulpit all over the country; but there were a number of highly cultured Catholic ladies in the audience who were not used to hearing it. But this minister is a lovely man and a farmer, now living in our community, and he is Superintendent of the Sunday School at our school house where we attend every Sunday."

DEAR UNITY:—

In answer to the interesting question of a correspondent and interested friend, in your issue of August 15, 1912, let me say that the Meadville Theological School Library, Meadville, Pa., is always ready and wishes to receive gifts of books, subject to the condition that they may be sold or exchanged if duplicates. The funds of the library do not permit the librarian to buy all the books that are needed, and if they did, they would not permit him to fill up the gaps that are found in the library because books were not bought long ago. The book in case, Robert Elsmere, is not in our library and yet was called for sometime ago. The librarian would be pleased to pay the freight upon gifts of books, along the lines of religion, philosophy, sociology, history and general literature. We still have calls for Adam Bede. A theological library in a small city has to be a sort of general reference library, and many books are valuable which would not be wanted in a large city theological library, such as long magazine sets, different sets of the standard authors, and others.

Sincerely yours,
WALTER C. GREEN.

Meadville, Pa., August 10, 1912.

HONEST TOIL.

The man who spurns to labor with his hands will find
'Tis vanity to boast of a superior mind.
'Tis honest, earnest toil of hand and heart that bring
To man the joy from which all other blessings spring.

Watseka, Ill., August 16, —*M. H. Peters*

HOUSEHOLD GODS

The baby takes to her bed at night
A one-eyed rabbit that once was white;
A watch that came from a cracker, I think;
And a lidless inkpot that never held ink.
And the secret is locked in her tiny breast
Of why she loves these and leaves the rest.

And I give a loving glance as I go
To three brass pots on a shelf in a row;
To my grandfather's grandfather's loving-cup
And a bandy-legged chair I once picked up.
And I can't, for the life of me, make you see
Just why these things are a part of me!

—*J. H. MacNair in The Spectator.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

International Students' Convention at Goettingen

The growth of international sentiment and of international organization among the students of the German universities in the last two years is something noteworthy. The German universities have for half a century been pre-eminently the resort of students from all nations; but the international movement itself has become strong in Germany more recently than in the other great nations, for the reason undoubtedly that Germany is herself a new nation in the modern sense. There is much ground, however, for thinking that now that the movement has once taken strong hold of the scholars and youth of Germany, its development there may be more rapid and more thorough than anywhere else, and the significance of this for the family of nations would certainly be very great. The exchange professorships at Berlin, the international influence of such men as Professor Lamprecht and Professor Ostwald at Leipsic, and the rapid extension throughout all Germany of the new Society for Völkerverständigung, inspired and controlled largely by professors in the various universities, have undoubtedly done much to affect the thought and feeling of the great student body; but it is really a young American scholar Dr. George W. Nasmyth of Cornell University, carrying on his higher studies in Germany, who has given the direct impulse leading to the organization in several universities of International Clubs like those already existing in some thirty of our own American universities. Young Nasmyth was the leading spirit in the great Cosmopolitan Club at Cornell, which now has 300 members; and carrying his enthusiasm to Germany, he prompted the organization of an International Club among the Berlin students, which quickly attained a membership of 200. Similar clubs have been established through his initiative in Leipsic, Munich and Göttingen; and the last week in July there was held in Göttingen a general convention of students from all of these clubs, to discuss the various aspects of the international movement and to perfect plans for larger activities in the German universities, in several of which efforts looking to the formation of International Clubs are already under way. The program of this Göttingen students' convention, which has just come to hand here, is most interesting. The social side of things has good emphasis, excursions as far as Cassel and Eisenach being included. But the impressive thing about the program is the serious and definite work for the development of internationalism among the students which it outlines. To Americans the choice of Göttingen as the place for such an international convention is doubly interesting, because it was to Göttingen that American students first repaired in considerable numbers when the movement of our students to the German universities began, now nearly a century ago. It is with Göottingen that the names of Everett, Ticknor, Bancroft, Cogswell, Longfellow and Motley are all associated. There is prominent reference to these American associations with Göttingen in the program of the recent convention, and the issue of the Göttingen Students' Journal which comes at the same time contains a thorough and most interesting article by Dr. Nasmyth, surveying the development of the international students' movement, which it is to be hoped may be put into English and given circulation here, for we have seen no better account of what is certainly one of the most promising movements of the time. E. D. M.

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me,
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little sweeter,
Make my life a bit completer,
By doing what I should do
Every minute of the day,
Let me toil, without complaining,
Not a humble task disdaining;
Let me face the summons calmly
When death beckons me away.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Unitarian Advance

A Monthly Magazine of Progress in Religion
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is for all of us, all together. It aims to be the organ of no restricted section, no segregated group, no separating party, and no "peculiar idea." It stands for "the open door" for ideas, with a square deal for all sides.

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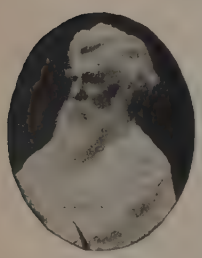
THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE
104 East Twentieth Street, New York

THE EMERSON PAVILION, TOWER HILL, WIS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PROF. J. J. SCHOBINGER, CHICAGO.

Tower Hill for the Season of 1913
July 1 to September 18



Now, before the season of 1912 closes, the management, desiring for once to be forehanded, offers the following information concerning plans and possibilities for the season of 1913. Twenty-one successful seasons enable us to put forth our plans with the confidence that, as in preceding seasons, they will be realized. If the past is a criterion, any variations will be *plus* and not *minus* quantities.

Location and History. Tower Hill was once "Shot Tower Hill," where, in pre-railroad days, there was a thriving industry carried on in the manufacture of shot, made out of lead hauled across the hills, eighteen to twenty-five miles, from the lead mines of Dodgeville, Mineral Point, etc., the manufactured product being shipped by water to Galena, St. Louis and other Mississippi towns. At the foot of the hill was once the prosperous river town of Helena, a ferry point and large lumber distributing center.

Tower Hill itself is a bold bluff, rising two hundred feet above the Wisconsin River. It is in the midst of the "dumpling" country, with its bluffs, valleys, fertile farms and endless possibilities for walking, driving and sketching, with the river ever at hand and in view. It is situated in the town of Wyoming, Iowa County, Wisconsin. Its nearest railway connection is Helena, a flag station, created through the initiative and largely for the accommodation of the Tower Hill Summer Encampment. Helena is thirty-five miles west of Madison, about sixty miles east of Prairie du Chien, on the Prairie du Chien Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Fare from Chicago is $3.30; from Madison, 70 cents. Tickets can be bought, baggage checked, express matter forwarded by Wells Fargo Express to Helena. Tickets from Helena can be bought and baggage checked at the Hill, Mr. Jones being an authorized agent of the Milwaukee & St. Paul road and of the Wells Fargo Express Company. He is also postmaster of the Tower Hill Postoffice, a summer office, open from July 1 to September 18. Two mails a day are sent and received. The Tower Hill conveyance regularly meets the eastbound train about 8 a. m. and the westbound train about 6 p. m. All arriving guests are urged to use one or the other of these trains. Those compelled to come on other trains will have to make special arrangement for conveyance.

The Tower Hill Pleasure Company (Incorporated) owns or controls its own dining-room, icehouse, the Emerson Pavilion, the Anne Mitchell Library, a water system that furnishes the purest of water in abundance to all the cottages, servants' quarters, four family cottages and four long houses.

The dining hall is centrally located and here all cooking and serving of meals for the Hill is carried on.

The Emerson Pavilion, an open-air screened building for public and social gatherings, has a seating capacity of two hundred; also a piano, blackboards, a big fireplace, etc.

The Anne Mitchell Library, donated by Miss Bertha Howe, is a jewel of a building, set in the deep woods, convenient to other public buildings, with wide screened porches, comfortable lounging chairs, a fireplace, between six and seven hundred books, all of which are placed at the disposal of the Hill guests, with no more restrictions than would be observed in their own libraries.

By an arrangement with Mr. Jones, whose farm adjoins the Hill, an abundant garden is successfully maintained, a competent man is in charge all the year round and milk and butter are furnished direct from the model dairy adjoining. The company, which came into possession in 1890, owns about seventy acres, and shareholders in the company are entitled to a building site, assigned in the order of building, in such a way as not to interfere with the view, convenience and privacy of those already settled. The price of shares of stock in the company is fixed at $50.

Private Cottages. The following is a list of cottages, held as personal property, with date of building and present owner's name. The real estate on which they are built belongs to the company:

Westhope .....1891..Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago.
Maxwelton .....1892..Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly, Chicago.
Exforth .....1892..Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Chicago.

Fernwood .....1892..Miss Wynne Lackersteen, Indianapolis.
Leafring .....1892..Prof. J. H. Terry, Madison, Wis.
Lanier Cottage.....1898..Mrs. J. A. Johnson, Chicago.
Blaencathal .....1901..Mr. T. R. Lloyd Jones, Madison, Wis.
Wauzeda .....1902..Miss Evelyn H. Walker, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Welawiben .....1903..Miss Bertha M. Howe, Chicago.
Pine Lodge.....1905..Mr. James Smith, Chicago.
Brantwood .....1905..Miss Elizabeth Pingree, California.
Waldesruh .....1905..Mrs. Irwin Rosenfels, Oak Park, Ill.
Ambrose L. Thomas..1909..Mrs. A. L. Thomas, Chicago.
Androscoggin Lodge..1911..Mrs. Julia Kurtz, Milwaukee, Wis.

COMPANY COTTAGES AND LONG HOUSES.—The following accommodations are owned or controlled by the Company, and may be rented by the season or for a shorter period:

The Hermitage.....Will comfortably accommodate three or four persons.
Old Helena.....The one relic left of the old historic village. These two cottages are the farthest removed from the dining-hall but have proven particularly acceptable to families with children.
Hotel Extreme.....Rebuilt in 1910. Two rooms, arranged for family.
Unity .....Rebuilt in 1911 on the site of the old "Unity Long House." Double building used by the administration. Not for rent.
Black Hawk Lodge.....Built in 1911. A double roomed cottage.
The Althea.....Rebuilt in 1912 on the site of the old "Woman's Resolve.' A double roomed cottage.
The Annie Laurie....1912..A double roomed cottage.

These seven buildings vary in size and accessibility to dining hall, being adapted to the use of from two to six or seven persons, the majority of them containing two rooms each. Each has a beautiful outlook, screened porches, wash room or rooms with running water and heating accommodations. Some are better adapted to the use of a family and some to the use of individuals.

The rent of these cottages and rooms vary from $6 to $12 per week. Special rates for the season. Individual rooms $3 to $6 per week, according to the number of occupants.

Table Board, Etc. Board at the dining-room for those staying a month or more $5 a week. Others at the rate of $6 per week, or $1 a day for any fraction of a week. Transportation between Helena and Tower Hill, connecting with trains noted above, 50 cents per passenger each way, trunks 50 cents, grips 15 cents. For special trips to meet other trains, $1.50.

Laundry. In connection with the Hill is a laundry of limited capacity. Washing for guests done at ordinary prices so far as the capacity permits. Guests can readily make arrangements to send their laundry by train or otherwise to available laundries.

Summer School. The season for 1913 will open July 13 and close August 10. The subject of Mr. Jones's work in the study of religion will be "The Growth of the Hebrew Religion," being the third year in the seven years' course. The books of the Old Testament will be studied in their approximate chronological order. Detailed program with references is now in print and can be obtained on application. Here again the experience of twenty-two years justifies confident announcement. In addition to this Class in Religion, which occupies the morning hour from 11 to 12:15, work in literature, which this year consisted of twelve studies in Dickens and Browning, will be given to some consecutive work in poetry, the wishes of the class being considered. Students having taken classes under Jenkin Lloyd Jones have successfully passed the examinations and received credit in the University of Chicago, and the University is prepared to grant such privileges to other students who will submit to the requirements.

Miss Bertha Howe will conduct Nature Study classes as she has for several years. The students under her in 1912 were enthusiastic over her work with the plants, birds, trees and bugs that are in evidence on Tower Hill, which is an open text-book.

Every effort will be made to continue the work in music which has been so much enjoyed for years under the delightful leadership of Mrs. Cora Stanton Brown of Indianapolis.

New features not to be anticipated at this distance will doubtless be developed.

The tuition for the course, covering all the privileges of the school, $5; per week, $2; single admission, 25 cents. Family ticket, $7 for the course.

Conditions and Customs. The spirit of Tower Hill, well understood by all those who come within its influence, is religiously democratic, severely simple. It is a place of quiet where the privacy of the individual and the sanctities of the cottage life are respected as religiously as is the custom of law-abiding and considerate people during the remainder of the year.

A tennis ground is available. Boating and bathing are within reach, though the rules of the place are conservative in these directions. Only those are allowed the privileges of the river who are sufficiently mature and trained to guarantee safety. No bathing in the river is allowed except under approved chaperonage.

Sundays. With the exception of the two or more special public services, one of which at least is a Grove Meeting, with two sessions, where noble speakers handle noble themes, Sunday is a day of quiet; boisterousness or anything that would mar the sweetness and sanctity of a day of rest is discouraged. The Evening Vesper Hour, conducted by Mr. Jones, is a feature enjoyed and emphasized by all.

THE TOWER HILL CONGRESS, which in 1912 holds its sixth session at Portage, will come back home and close the Summer School Session of 1913 with a characteristic program under the direction of its old leaders, Miss Lutie E. Stearns, Miss Zona Gale and others.

Points Not to Be Forgotten. Don't forget that the postoffice address is Tower Hill, Wis. That the railroad station for passengers, baggage and express matter is Helena, Wis. That the freight and telegraph office is Spring Green, Wis. All telegrams addressed here will be promptly transmitted by telephone to the Hill. The Hill is in direct connection with long-distance phone, Chicago, Madison, Milwaukee, etc.

In order to be sure of accommodations, applicants should reserve them in advance, paying a reasonable deposit at time of reservation. The accommodations at the Hill are necessarily limited. Those who would enjoy its peculiar privileges and attractions are increasing in number every year, hence the wisdom of this early announcement and the necessity of prompt attention thereto.

All communications concerning board, rooms and cottages should be made to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, until after July 1; then to Tower Hill, Wis.

In addition to the past and present cottage owners heretofore noted, we refer below to a few friends who know Tower Hill.

Correspondence solicited.

Respectfully submitted,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
President, Tower Hill Pleasure Company.

BERTHA HOWE,
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FROM THE EGYPTIAN ROOM.

A thousand years we feasted with the dead;
Night after night we saw the watch-fires lit
To cleave the dark with yellow flame and red—
And never a man of men had word of it....

Man rives from us our silence and our sleep,
Man mocks our evil and our good denies:
We, in the somber treasure-house they keep,
Gaze on futility with amber eyes.

The little busy people that live now,
Their white arms have no strength, they are not wise,
But the old hate is graven on their brow,
And the old passion riots in their eyes.

The eternal dream lives in their hearts again,
They cherish yet the old elusive bliss,
Through the sad streets, under the London rain,
As once we dreamed in Heliopolis.

—*Ethel Talbot.*

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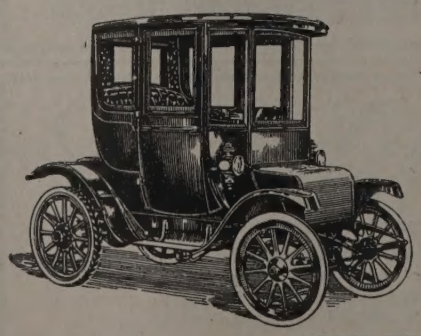

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